The Seed Sower.

A Magazine for the Church, the School, and the Home.

EDITORS: L. P. JACKS, M.A., AND JOSEPH WOOD.

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Good-bye.

Good-bye, good-bye, it is the sweetest blessing,
That falls from mortal lips on mortal ear,
The weakness of our human love confessing,
The promise that a love more strong is near—
May God be with you!

Why do we say it when the tears are starting?
Why must a word so sweet bring only pain?
Our love seems all-sufficient till the parting,
And then we feel it impotent and vain—
May God be with you!

Oh, may he guide and bless and keep you ever,
He who is strong to battle with your foes;
Whoever fails, his love can fail you never,
And all your need he in his wisdom knows—
May God be with you!

Better than earthly presence, e'en the dearest,
Is the great blessing that our partings bring;
For in the loneliest moments God is nearest,
And from our sorrows heavenly comforts spring,
If God be with us.

Good-bye, good-bye, with latest breath we say it,
A legacy of hope, and faith, and love;
Parting must come, we cannot long delay it,
But, one in him, we hope to meet above,
If God be with us.

Good-bye—'tis all we have for one another,
Our love, more strong than death, is helpless still,
For none can take the burden from his brother,
Or shield, except by prayer, from any ill—
May God be with you!

The Springs of Action.

A SERMON BY THE REV. L. P. JACKS, M.A.

"Many that are first shall be last; and the last first."—MARK x., 31.

There is in the most abstruse and difficult of all Dr. Martineau's works a certain table drawn up which has often struck me as of singular moral significance, well calculated to upset many of our confident judgments on ourselves and on one another. You know that his ethics, his philosophy of morals, has for its central idea the doctrine that all morality consists in choosing and acting on the worthier of any pair of motives that present themselves to one in competition at a given moment, and all immorality consists in choosing and acting on the less worthy. If, at a given moment, I have to choose between gratifying my love of knowledge by going on reading an article of Dr. Martineau's, or saving a child's life by rushing from my study into the street to snatch it off the roadway, down which a runaway horse is galloping, it is right to do the latter; because, though the love of knowledge is in itself an excellent motive, the sentiment of humanity is a motive better still. If, again, at a given moment I have to choose between making a hundred pounds and dealing fairly by my neighbour, it is wrong to make the hundred pounds; because, though the love of gain may be in itself a legitimate motive enough, the love of honesty is certainly a higher one, and has the prior claim on my allegiance. I do not myself think that Dr. Martineau's doctrine,

as it stands, will be found to provide us with an altogether adequate theory of morals. But that it is in the main true I do not question. And if it be so, you will see of what immense importance it must be, both theoretically and practically, to be quite clear about the actual place in the moral scale of the various motives upon which we may act,—to arrange them from the worst and lowest to the best and highest in the real order of their worth.

Accordingly our great teacher provides us with a table embracing the whole range of our "springs of action," from the bottom to the top; and it is this table which I refer to as of startling significance, and well calculated violently to upset many of our confident moral judgments on ourselves and on each other,—showing great honour to be due to some to whom we seldom think of paying it; and severest condemnation to many to whom we have not usually accorded it. A commentary on the table might be packed in a nutshell in the words which I have taken for a text: "Many that are first shall be last, and the last first."

Let us, then, glance at the table itself, remembering always that this is, according to one of the greatest, wisest, and most prophetic moral and spiritual teachers of this or any other age, the actual scale in order of worthiness of the springs of human conduct; that in his view the best and holiest of men would be he who most constantly acted from the motives at or near the top of the scale; and the worst and most wicked of men, would be he who most frequently acted from the motives at or near the bottom of the scale.

We can only look at the extremes. Highest but one we find compassion; highest of all—what think you?—reverence.

If that be true, imagine the great last day, as preachers and apostles have painted it, when God calls up for judgment the souls of all men. Highest of all and first of all such as have been profoundly moved by reverence, and next to them the army of the compassionate. What strange partnerships will there be! How many heroes of history will be relegated to remoter ranks! Come forward, thou, Mazzini, thou á Kempis, who reverenced much, the one with the reverence of a brave man whose reverence was set on high and free ideals, the other cherishing the timid reverences of the cloister; but both moved to the core of their being by reverence, and therefore of the first and noblest rank,—and we do not wonder. But come forward, also, thou humble maiden, ignorant, unknown, who yet didst treasure amid thy superstitions and thy petty outlook a deep reverence for what seemed to thee good and holy,—come forward thou, also, for thou art of the same company, the foremost rank of humanity.

And next to reverence, compassion. Come forward, Francis of Assissi, thou who didst love the birds and call the beasts of the forest thy brothers and thy sisters. Come forward, John Howard and Elizabeth Fry, who gave yourselves daily a living sacrifice for the prisoners; and come forward, also thou, the little child who didst pity a bird with broken wing or wast sorry for the beggar in the way. Thou art of the same company: take thy place with the noble philanthropists, the saviours, and redeemers of men.

But, after all, we all of us instinctively place compassion high in the scale of human motives. And if it would hardly have occurred to us to set reverence at the very summit, as the very coping-stone and crown of human character, no spiritually-minded man is unsusceptible to the wonderful charm and beauty which a deep religious reverence lends to a human soul.

It is, then, rather at the lower than at the higher end of the scale that surprise overtakes us. For at the very bottom, as the very worst of human motives, the tabulation places springs of action which are of everyday occurrence in ordinary social circles. We should have expected at the bottom of the scale those horrible propensions which point straight to red murder and ruthless crime. The great criminals we assume to be the worst of men. But if Dr. Martineau be right, then the really worst of men are not necessarily these conspicuous violators of the pact of society; but rather those who lead self-indulgent lives among us; and baser still, those who by sins of tongue and heart darken the social atmosphere around them. For lowest but one among springs of conduct he sets down love of ease, and lowest of all he sets that hateful trio, censoriousness, vindictiveness, suspiciousness.

Love of ease, the lowest but one of human motives, the basis of the lowest sort of character save one. Such is the judgment—calm, deliberate, reasoned—of our teacher. Think just what that means! How often amongst our young men that love of ease is the excuse for declining all kinds of undertakings pressed upon them. This one cannot think of becoming a Sunday-school teacher simply from love of ease. That one shirks this or that committee solely from love of ease. Dr. Martineau is not a man who will place very high in the scale of motives love of gain or love of power. But love of gain he sets three whole grades higher than love of ease, and love of power three whole grades higher still. So that, according to him, to choose ease rather than gain, when these two only are the competing motives in the breast, is to make a base and ignoble choice; while to choose ease in like case in preference to power is an act of wickedness which, habitually repeated, will rank a man with the lowest dregs of his species. This is not my judgment, but that of the greatest ethical thinker of our time; and I commend it to such as are letting this same lethargic love of ease creep over their manhood and debase them in the scale of our humanity.

But now glance at the lowest grade of all,—the nethermost pit of human motive, according to our teacher, than which in all the black record of human sin there neither is nor can be motive more degraded, inspiration more unutterably base. "Censoriousness, vindictiveness, suspiciousness." Can any of us say that none of these has found lodging in our bosoms, shaped itself into word or deed in our lives? Yet if one of this triad has at any time controlled and moulded our action, then we—even we—have touched the lowest level of human character and shown ourselves kin with the worst of our race.

Two of these springs of action seem very closely allied, perhaps hardly distinguishable from each other—censoriousness and suspiciousness. The other, vindictiveness, is of a somewhat different character, though Dr. Martineau links all three together as the very worst of which the human heart is capable. Vindictiveness, when we recognise it as such, is hateful to all of us, and there is not one of us who would not try to root it out of his heart if he perceived that it was there. And yet I think it mixes very subtly in men's dispositions, and often plays an active part where its presence is not suspected. The twist and colour given to the report of a conversation, the intonation of a speech making pretence of candour or even of generosity, will often reveal there, lurking in the recesses, this ugly passion of vindictiveness. The desire to inflict pain in return for some pain received was held in heathendom not incompatible with brave and noble living. But it is the sheer and absolute contradiction of that new way of life revealed to men by Jesus Christ. And its approach to the gates of the heart is so cunning, so quiet, so subtle, that many let it in without detecting it. We ought all to be on the look-out for its intrusion, and to turn it out neck and crop if ever we discover it within the citadel.

But many who fully recognise how ugly and wicked a thing is the vindictive temper, are not alive to the baseness of the censorious and suspicious temper. Censoriousness, indeed, when we call it by that long, grave name, sounds bad enough. But when we translate it into "The love of fault-finding," which is exactly what it means, why, most of us are inclined to think it a trivial matter; and few indeed of us will be prepared, with Dr. Martineau, to put it down there at the very bottom of human motive, to regard it as a passion worse than the greed that tempts the robber, a passion to be classed as the vilest of all those which the Apostle sums up as world, and flesh, and devil.

Love of finding fault; which of us has not at least sometimes shown that disposition? When you hear your neighbour praised, do you never feel a certain pleasure in giving but a half assent, and hinting at certain items on the other side which should detract from the laudation? Truth may indeed compel you to point out faults; but the baseness is in finding therein a secret pleasure. You hear of the public munificence of a fellow citizen; yes, say you, but see how shabbily he treated his poor relations. Or you suggest that after all the love of display had as much to do with this ostensible generosity as any zeal for the public good. You are talking of some acquaintance who has shown enthusiasm in some good work; yes, say you, but after all she makes rather a show of her benevolence. Now, that may be true, or it may

be untrue. Most likely it is an entirely baseless fancy of your own. But the mischief is, whether it be true or untrue, in your taking pleasure in taking the shine out of her reputation. That is censoriousness, and it belongs to the nethermost pit of character; and suspiciousness is its twin-sister. The habit of thinking there must be an unworthy element behind all that appears worthy, honourable, and pure,—that is suspiciousness, and it is at once among the commonest and the most ignoble of the human heart. It is good that every one of us should now and again try hard to get outside himself and take a fair and unbiassed view of the elements working in his own heart; and in the solemn candour of an awakened conscience, decide whether there be or be not within him any one of that unholy triad suspiciousness, censoriousness, vindictiveness.

And, indeed, whether or no you be prepared, with Dr. Martineau, to declare those three to be the very most debased of all possible springs of human conduct, you must, I think, agree with me that they are sources of social and domestic unhappiness which it would be hard to parallel. There is, I suppose, no one within these four walls who estimates the sum of human misery produced by drink at a higher figure than myself. On that subject I have been deemed by some of you a fanatic. Yet I hesitate to say which is the parent of a more prolific progeny of sorrows, that awful drink curse or these unseen factors of our social life. What a blight they are! How they darken the home! What a gloom they cast upon the spirit! How they take the heart out of upward effort, and rob households of the spring of joy! How they shut up sympathy, and dull the edge of love! They are like the east wind after a spell of bright spring sunshine and genial rain. These have brought the flowers out upon the fruit trees in glorious profusion, and under the tender petals the fruit itself is on the verge of forming, when one dark night, the blast sweeps through the meadows and the orchards, and lo, next morning, the pink and milk-white promise is all turned to blackness on the boughs, and the hope of the harvest is dead. So is it often in a family when censoriousness and suspiciousness enter in. The tender blooms of trust and sympathy and love, from which alone the fruitage of beautiful character can grow, cannot stand the pinching chill, and the flowers are withered on the stalk. And the angels sorrow in heaven over a household that should have been a nest of mutual happiness, and is turned to a storehouse of recrimination and a treasury of bitterness.

Ah! let us all think and say the best of one another that we can! Let us believe in the good motive till we are forced to believe in the bad. Let us believe—for it is true—that men and women are much more often better than they seem than worse. When men do good, let us believe that it is from love of good. When they seem kind, let us believe that they are kind indeed. Yes, and when they seem unkind, or cold, or inconsiderate, let us try all we can to believe that this is only in appearance, that their hearts are rooted in the soil of kindliness and love, and that it is some defect in us ourselves that makes them seem less brotherly or sisterly than we would have them be. So shall we save ourselves from much bitterness that eats into the heart, and so shall we shed around us the sunshine in which all that is good will grow, and all that is gross and evil will fade and decay and die.

In the Evening.

All day the wind had howled along the leas,
All day the wind had swept across the plain,
All day, on rustling grass, and waving trees,
Had fallen "the useful trouble of the rain."
All day, beneath the low-hung dreary sky,
The dripping earth had cowered sullenly.

At last the wind had sobbed itself to rest,
At last to weary calmness sank the storm;
A crimson line gleamed sudden in the west,
Where golden flecks rose wavering into form.
A hushed revival heralded the night,
And with the evening time awoke the light.

The rosy colour flushed the long grey waves
The rosy colour tinged the mountains' brown;
And where the old church watched the village graves,
Wooed to a passing blush the yew-trees' frown.
Bird, beast, and flower relenting nature knew,
And one pale star rose shimmering in the blue.

So, to a life long crushed in heavy grief,
So, to a path long darkened by despair,
The slow sad hours bring touches of relief,
Whispers of hope, and strength of trustful prayer.
"Tarry His leisure," God of love and might,
And with the evening time there will be light!

A Noble Life.*

This memorial of Dr. Crosskey's life and work will be especially welcomed by his personal friends and by those who knew him in the intimate relationship of pastor and people. It is made up of his own reminiscences of childhood, which he busied himself in writing out during the first stages of his fatal illness, brief records of each of his pastorates, illustrated by extracts from his sermons, tributes from Dr. Dale and Mr. George Dixon, special chapters on his scientific and educational work by Mr. McCarthy and Professor Lapworth, a short account of his holidays, and a few letters to intimate friends. The result is rather a series of disjointed studies than a continuous narrative, and will, we fear, tell against the appreciation of the book by the general public. No doubt to his congregation and near companions and fellow-workers these studies will furnish all that is required to bring before them again in moving presence the man they loved. To others the portrait will be somewhat vague and indistinct. This is a pity, for Dr. Crosskey was a noble character, and in some respects a notable personality well worth a permanent niche in the lives of the saints. Not that it was a life and career marked by any conspicuous successes or any exciting adventures. A Dissenting minister's career does not offer much scope for excitement, adventure, or what the world calls success. But it is the man makes the interest of any biography of lasting value, and not the events and circumstances which attended his career. Dr. Crosskey was a rare spirit, opulent with the gifts and graces that win affection and constitute one a faithful minister of religion. It is true he did not rank with great preachers like Robertson, of Brighton, Maclaren of Manchester, Dean Farrar, or Philip Brookes. It would not be difficult to find men of more intellectual brilliancy and more philosophical depth among his own ministerial comrades. But it would have been impossible to find a more conspicuous instance of the combination of entire healthfulness of soul with a consuming ardour for great causes and great principles. His affections, his sympathies, his ambitions were all normal and sane; his was a mind well supplied with many different aptitudes, and well lighted on its way both by noble hopes and by a genial sense of humour. He was essentially a large-hearted man, although in manner reticent and reserved. He had no sectarian animosities or small provincial aims and views, but broad and inclusive perceptions of a possible order in human affairs, whose cornerstones should be liberty, righteousness, truth, and peace. No four walls of a church could limit his outlook and activities. He was a man of science and a man of affairs. He was a lover of books and of the drama. He was a citizen, and one of the noblest of those citizen-ministers who, in Birmingham and in other large centres of population, have done so much to purify public life and to make citizenship one of the sacredest of duties. For years he fought the battle of religious equality, of educational freedom and local self-government, with a fervour which never abated and a courage which was never daunted. Twenty years before Mr. Forster's Education Act he advocated a system of free, compulsory, and secular schools for the people. He was one of the pioneers of that new Unitarianism which grounds the Christian faith no longer on miracles or on a supernatural revelation, but on right reason and the spiritual affections. And with all this he was a man of a tender and sensitive heart, a man who lived much within, who felt too deeply for mere glibness about sacred things, who did not often reveal himself to strangers, but whose sympathy was most precious to those who knew him.

One of the most interesting parts of this book is the first chapter, which deals, mostly in his own words, with Dr. Crosskey's early life. He sprang from a yeoman stock on both sides, and grew up under the influences of a moral and spiritual culture that was wonderfully simple, strong, and wholesome. His childhood appears to have been singularly happy. Here is a beautiful picture of his mother :—

"Of my mother it is impossible for me to speak in words of sufficient tenderness. She was one of the gentlest, purest, and most loving of mothers, and to her influence I owe all the best feelings of my heart.

"She guided her household—a large one connected with the place of business (at 214 High Street) without strain and without scolding, and with clear, sound judgment, and firm will.

* "Henry William Crosskey, LL.D., his Life and Work." By R. A. Armstrong, B.A., with chapters by the Rev. E. F. M. McCnrthy, M.A. and Charles Lapworth, LL.D. Birmingham: Cornish Brothers. Price 7s. 6d.

"She dearly loved every beauty of nature. When the merest child, I well remember how she lifted me up to the window to see the rose colour, which, at sunset, sometimes suffuses the South Downs; and took me to the fields to hear the nightingale.

"She was also a lover of books; and was specially charmed by the works of Scott. The earliest picture of her my mind holds brings her before me, when the bustle of her morning's work was over, and our early dinner despatched, sitting by the table on which her work-box rested, deeply immersed in a volume of Scott.

"By nature she was deeply religious, and her piety was as unaffected and humble as it was peaceful, and trustful, and cheerful.

"I could not choose but love her favourite hymns and chapters of the Bible, as she read them to me. Neither could I help seeing and feeling exalted above all other concerns of life, the fear of God and the keeping of His Commandments, although she talked very little on religious subjects, and did not attempt to force them on a child's immature nature.

"There is no doubt that the early conviction of the supreme importance of religion, which I gained from the general tenour of my 'mother's whole life,' and not from any elaborate 'talkings to' about it, or set lessons, or repetitions of creed, ultimately brought about my determination to become a minister.

"The desire to devote myself to religious work quite naturally sprang up, when I saw that my mother—and evidently my father also—paid more reverent respect to religion than to anything else in the world.

"This reverent respect was shown in extremely quiet and silent ways; it was a secret alone revealed by a hushed tone—a shrinking from anything irreverent—the absence of familiar discussions on divine sanctities—unfailing regularity of attendance on public worship—lively interest in any movements for the advance of the Unitarian faith, in which they believed. I do not think, however, that any more obstructive manifestations of faith could have made an equally profound impression upon me."

Among the various sympathetic appeciations contributed to this volume by friends, none will be read with more interest than that by Dr. Dale, and none more accurately pourtrays the living man. With this extract we must close our present notice, hoping to return to the subject again. After depicting the revival of public spirit and life in Birmingham under the inspiration of George Dawson and the leadership of Mr. Chamberlain, Dr. Dale says:—

"It was just as this good time, with all its radiant hopefulness, with all its joy and buoyancy, was beginning, that Dr. Crosskey became minister of the Church of the Messiah. Among those associated with the church were Mr. Chamberlain himself, and some of the ablest of the men who were co-operating with him. To Dr. Crosskey the atmosphere that he found among his immediate friends was exhilarating—almost intoxicating. November after November, in the municipal contests, and all the year through, whenever there was a chance of preaching the municipal gospel, he preached with pathetic earnestness and with passion for the new policy.

"When the contests were on, he went to two or three meetings night after night in the obscurest parts of the town, and appealed, as for his own life, for the return of the right men. His intensity was astonishing. He spoke as if the whole fate of the town depended on the result of the ward election.

"To him nothing was insignificant that contributed to the triumph of the good cause; nothing was insignificant that delayed its triumph. He related everything to the great principles which rule the destiny of nations; he saw in every falling apple the force which determines the orbits of the planets and binds sun to sun and system to system through all the realms of space. His imagination was always ready to kindle when he was speaking on behalf of measures which might contribute to the health of the poor, or add cheerfulness and brightness to their monotonous lives. It was wonderful to watch him as he took wing and sailed into the blue skies, while he was addressing eighty or a hundred working people in a badly-lighted room in the depths of the town. I do not suppose that they always understood him, but they do not understand the stars and the clouds; and yet, when the smoke is not too heavy it is good for them to watch the splendour of a sunset beyond their tall chimneys, and to look up from their narrow courts, and see the constellations moving slowly over their little patch of sky. And Dr. Crosskey's speeches—those which they least understood—did them good in the same way, and whether they understood him or not, they always felt that he was a man who was their friend, and was immensely excited in his anxiety to serve them; that, too, it was good for them to know.

"Of course, Dr. Crosskey, like the rest of us, could at times tramp along the dusty road of statistics and finance—could reply to the speakers on the other side—argue laboriously—give practical directions as to how the fight was to be won. All this is taken for granted. If you want your candidate to be returned you must make your case plain to the rudest understanding; and Dr. Crosskey was always very much in earnest about getting his candidate returned, but what was characteristic of him was the imagination, the passion, the vehemence which were as easily called forth by an audience of a hundred as by an audience of three or four thousand.

He was always ardent; always vigilant; never weary; seldom depressed.

His temperature was at "summer heat" all the year round. With him the sun was always in the meridian, and the sky cloudless. To those of us, whose temperament was more phlegmatic, this unfailing enthusiasm was amazing. We sometimes bantered him upon the vehemence with which he proved what seemed to us small matters. He laughed cheerily; and, I daresay, thought that we were a set of Laodiceans; but his fires continued to burn as hot as before. Advancing years and physical suffering did nothing to lessen his ardour. One of the last speeches that I heard from him was at a dinner, given to celebrate the victory of "The Liberal Eight," at the School Board Election in 1891.

In the pathos with which he spoke of the children whom the State had too long neglected, in the en-

thusiastic joy with which he dwelt on the work of the School Board, in the passion of thankfulness which he expressed for having been permitted to share that work, he reached a height of eloquence which, it seemed to me, surpassed all that I had heard from him in his most vigorous years; and his visions of what might still be done for the children of the nation had all the glow of his enthusiastic youth.

"I saw a great deal of him in private. He was my own friend, and my children's friend. We all loved him. His frankness, his courage, his kindness, his cheerfulness, drew our hearts to him. He was transparently honest, and was eager to be just. His pity for the wretched, and his deep and intense desire to secure for the children of the poorest classes of the community free access to the realms of intellectual light and freedom, were as apparent in his private life as in his platform speeches.

"Between him and myself there were wide differences of theological belief, the importance of which neither he nor I depreciated. We occasionally discussed these differences, but I suppose, without making any nearer intellectual approach to each other. He had been a student under Dr. Martineau, and used to speak to me of his old master with the warmest affection, and the deepest admiration.

In the spirit and temper of his religious life, Dr. Martineau's influence over him was very apparent, but there were strong contrasts between their intellectual interests.

"Dr. Crosskey did not, I think, care very much either for theology or philosophy; his great intellectual delight was in natural science, especially in geology. There were questions of dogma and criticism on which it was necessary for him to reach some definite conclusions, but as soon as he had made up his mind on these points, he was glad to escape to what seemed to him more congenial intellectual latitudes. Enterprising discoverers are anxious to learn what they can about the regions lying near the North Pole; but they do not care to live there. This seemed to me to be very much Dr. Crosskey's temper with regard to biblical criticism and dogma. It was a relief to him to get away to questions about the boulders, and to the glaciers of Switzerland and Scotland.

"Ardent as was his temperament, he never spoke in heat when we were discussing theological topics. While his intellectual position was strangely antagonistic to the traditional creeds of the great churches, he was attracted by all that is reverential, devout, and gracious in their spiritual life. He liked to argue that on some of the points in which his theology seemed most definitely opposed to 'orthodoxy' he was in real and substantial agreement with it. At times there was something pathetic in this contention."

In God alone, the perfect end,
Wilt thou find thyself or friend.

Don't worry about the unknown future. No one can live into the middle of next week. Respect the almanack.

On the Sands.

After all there was no need for Canon Kingsley to set about inventing a paradise for children under the sea. The sea side is the Eden of all small human creatures, and surely just now it seems that every English child alive is born a water-baby.

Look at a mite of five when it first beholds the ocean. How its round, blue eyes dilate, and its little chest heaves with delight, and in a minute or two it is scampering pell-mell down the beach—ready, not "to take arms against a sea of troubles"—for it knows nothing about the troubles of sea and land—but to rush into the embrace of that great, glorious, living thing which is lying below. Then papa laughs, and mama screams and catches hold of collar or frock, as the case may be, and Charlie or Amy is duly instructed that that vast rolling ocean is rather a formidable play-fellow, and that it will be time enough to make quite the closest acquaintance by-and-by, when the bathing machines will be in requisition.

Then comes the interminable delight which every boy and girl who ever came to the sea side has enjoyed, and which scarcely hoary and gouty and philosophic elders can forbear to join with infinite diversion—the great game of "Catch, Catch," with the waves. To run down the wet shingle just when a subsiding billow has left empty space, and then to run up again—pursued by the peril, if not of life, yet of wet shoes and stockings, by the next big wave. Is there any fun in ball-rooms in after years to be compared thereto? Secretly at the bottom of its naughty little heart, every child hopes and longs to be overtaken by the water, and never goes home entirely happy unless that catastrophe has occurred and called forth the wails of Mary Jane, the nursemaid, or the stern remonstrances of that awful personage, Mrs. Snubchild, the head nurse. Then the sea, especially on flat beaches, when the tide is flowing, has such a cunning trick of seeming to have reached to the end of its tether, and going on in a large, smooth, white sweep, ever so many yards further up than Charley or Amy could have reasonably expected it, and even reaching the place where Dicky and Trotty are constructing a Tower of Babel out of the pebbles! Who can blame little people if the waves do

catch them round the ankles under such circumstances, and afford them the inexpressible delight of feeling their feet wet with the cool brine? Of course all the time Gypsey and Muff are scampering in and out, rolling over each other and barking with ecstasy, to make a staccato accompaniment to the children's laughter, that blessed laughter, which does not imply the recognition of any witticism in particular, only the best of all good jokes, that we are young, and the sun is bright, and the sea is beautiful, and life altogether a delight.

Surely some of our ancestors, human or otherwise, must have not only been Troglodytes and lived in caves, but at a previous epoch must have dug themselves abodes underground, like foxes and Laplanders. It cannot possibly be imitation, much less instruction, which makes every child find the progress of grubbing up the sand and making a small pit suitable for the reception room of a doll a source of undying interest.

The little dot, who can just toddle, seizes her tiny spade and works away with a will till her hat tumbles over her eyes, and she looks up with a face like a Jacqueminot rose on a world whose existence she had quite forgotten in the absorbing interest of her task. And that big school-boy of eleven, who talks so grandly of all the "awfully jolly" things done at Flogborough School, to whom his aunt scarcely ventured to present the juvenile instrument,—he, too, shoulders his spade and shows how holes are dug, by no means unconscious of pleasure, in opening out a den into which poor little Dot herself might be imprisoned. Of course, it is specially delightful if the sand can be carefully emptied into some particularly unsuitable receptacle—say papa's chimney-pot hat, or mama's work-basket, and deposit therein that gritty-sticking dampness which pertains to the wet carpet of the shore.

One of the great charms of the sea shore is the *imprévu.* Nobody can possibly guess what the last tide may have left—shells, crabs, sea-urchins, sea-weed, star-fish, sea-mice, cuttle-fish—nay, all the treasures of buried galleons; everything is possible. Columbus, taking his first walk at Santa Cruz, was not more unaware of what he might meet than is every man, woman, and child who passes along the seaside immediately after a receding tide. When the autumn winds have been blowing freely, and the spring tides have carried their treasures far up the beach, and then gone out again to their far-off bounds, we have before us a field new strewn with wonders which no human eye ever saw before, and which we may pick up and put in our pockets without anybody disputing our prize. To those who have read wise books, and know all about the curious creatures, and can call them by their right names, the interest of discovering them, of course, is great. But it is by no means necessary to be so learned to find it the best of amusement to make patterns with the pretty crimson scallops and white razor-shells, and turn the long salt-smelling wreaths of sea-wrack into weather glasses, and watch those too deliciously absurd little crabs waddling away sideways on the tips of their toes.

A pretty sight is the beach of an English seaside town in summer to those who like to see happiness of the most innocent and healthful sort on a large scale at once. And very happy are the parents who can afford to give their darlings such pleasure, and to look forward for the rest of the year to the time when, if little cheeks should be somewhat pale and cloudless eyes not so bright as they ought to be, the mischief will be remedied surely and pleasantly by a month at Hastings or Ramsgate, or Scarborough or Tenby. It is not easy to forget, however, that there are parents who cannot do this—to whom it is as impossible to take their children to the sea as to the moon, and yet who watch them, week after week, pining in hot, close city for want of such air and light and play of limbs and lungs. Perhaps the poor little creatures are failing altogether from poor food and bad air, or growing crippled with hip disease, or perishing in one of the hundred forms of scrofula and decline.

The hospitals cannot receive such patients, and say they can do no good in such cases were they able to make room for them. "If the child could have good air and food, indeed, with proper care, it is possible its life might be saved —but otherwise——" And the poor mother takes home this verdict and tells it to her overworked and careworn husband, and they look in each other's faces, and that is all. They can do nothing. And, bye-and-by, before next Spring, a little coffin is taken out of their doors, or perhaps—almost worse for them and for their child

—there is a poor, helpless, and suffering cripple cast for life upon the charity of people already in the grip of poverty. Certainly, of the many ways in which human hearts are moved to help each other, there can be few in which the aid can come more tenderly than where such little sufferers are invited away from their close city lodgings and poor surroundings and brought to bright, cheerful homes near that all-delightful sea, and treated as pets and visitors, fed with the fresh country food, and milk and vegetables, and allowed to play all day long as their strength may permit, under careful guardianship, along the sandy beach. They, too, have their wooden spades and tiny little toy barrows to fill with sand. The fresh sea air kisses their poor, pale cheeks as freely as the rosy ones of all the children of wealth and prosperity; and very soon the light comes into their eyes, and little feeble laughs take the place of wailing cries and whimperings, and, perhaps ere very long, God willing, the poor, pallid-like mortal who came down, returns home brisk, and stout, and hopeful, to be a useful man or woman hereafter, not a helpless burden of pain for the rest of a lifetime. If a rich father or mother, whose child has been restored and re-invigorated this year, would wish to help some poor parent to feel the same relief it is very easy to do so. Children do not cost very much to save from death and disease—and the spades are quite economical.

Frances Power Cobbe.

Manchester College (Oxford) Letter.

I am writing this from "The Lakes," whither Mr. and Mrs. Carpenter have invited us all. We, who are here at present, are having a delightful time—books are banished, and this letter is written under difficulties. We are much indebted to Mr. and Mrs. Carpenter for their kindness.

Session closed at the end of June, and this letter would have had a place in the last number except for a few closing ceremonies and festivities of which it was thought a note might here be made. With the close of session we have lost our five first-year men, whose departure we celebrated at our annual supper. The annual college group has been photographed. Our professors are for the first time included in it. Mr. Austin has the 'Hibbert,' and is wending first to Leipzig. May 'Lager' and Wurst prove not too great temptations for him! May he think of Goethe and Faustus in Auerbach's Keller, and of Schiller's "An die Frende," as he wanders by the Elster. Prosit Herr Austin! Mr. Perris is going to the Liverpool Domestic Mission for two years to succeed Mr. Tucker as Student Missionary. Mr. Jozan is wending homeward—spending some time in the gay Paris and in Italy on his way. He sends me a note, a portion of which follows. Speaking of the advantages which he and his predecessors have derived from their stay here he says:—

"Coming as they do from the midst of a life less intense than what they find here; of a sect on a much narrower basis than that on which Unitarian Christianity stands in this land, the general impression they gather and carry home with them is that of a wider horizon, of a more tolerant spirit of charity." He wishes me to "tender through your columns his warm thanks to all those in this land, who, on meeting, had a kind word, and after, perhaps, a kind thought for him," and asks us "to extend our friendship and sympathetic consideration to his successor, Mr. Edwin Löfi, who is to enter Manchester College, for a course of three years, next October."

With Mr. Fallows and Mr. Wood our best wishes go.

Our public examination went off as usual. The Editor of the *Enquirer* seems to have been delighted with it. Visitors evidently took considerable interest in the reading of 'essays,' etc., by the students. They also listened to five sermons by the retiring men. Mr. Hargreave's 'address' to the students on "Controversy" was excellent. Mr. Page Hopps very characteristically moved that it should be printed and forwarded to all ministers of religion, public-men, etc. Mr. Hopps' valedictory address was also highly appreciated. It was no sermon, but a pleasant 'causerie,' suggestive and helpful. One of the most pleasant features of the closing day was the vote of congratulation, conveyed by telegram, to F. W. Newman, a former professor of our college, on his having attained his 90th year.

Somerville Hall (rebaptized of late Somerville College) opened its convent walls of late to the Rev. Percy Dreamer, who came down to lecture on "Luxury," for the Guild of St. Matthew—a body of High Church Socialists—an able and energetic little force in Oxford. The happy union of men and women students—at present but of rare occurrence—was mutually appreciated. The audience was delighted by a very clever and artistic paper from a typical Oxford man, possessed of that saving sense of humour which the Oxford spirit inculcates, together with a seriousness not to be mistaken. That particular type of new woman, conspicuous in plays and ridicule, in the comic papers, was conspicuous by her absence. It was a happy thought of a speaker during the evening, to express the hope that such meetings of men and women would cease to be the luxury the meeting was that evening, and become a necessity.

There was a storm at the Union, at the close of term, over the election of a president. The supporters of the elected President were accused of canvassing. The storm, however, subsided. Dr. Martineau's statue—in course of erection—is said to be of great promise. Is it to be put in the Library or in the Chapel? Trusting this final query will not lead to 'controversy.'

Wise and Quaint.

We hang other men's faults at the pommel of the saddle, but put our own in the saddle-bag. We are like barbers that trim all men but themselves.

We can do a great deal for our friends, but there are some things we cannot do. We cannot repent for them or die for them; these two things they must do for themselves.

"Pray, of what did your brother die?" said the Marquis Spinold to Sir Horace Vere. "He died," replied Sir Horace, "of having nothing to do!" "Alas!" said Spinold, "that is enough to kill any general of us all!"

The man who places religion on a false basis is the greatest enemy to religion.

Religion is so noble and powerful a consideration—it is so buoyant and insubmergible—that it may be made by fanatics to carry with it any degree of error and of perilous obscurity.

Yes! you find people ready enough to be the Good Samaritan without the oil and twopence.

Praise is the best diet for us after all.

A cure for sleeplessness:—Try and remember a dull sermon!

The true philosophy of holiday-making was discovered by the miller's horse, which, being obliged for six days in the week to go round and round from right to left, always spent Sunday in going round and round from left to right. It is in the doing something we do not generally do, in reversing the order of our proceedings, and so refreshing our physical and mental muscles, that the essence of a holiday is to be found.

To see people pleased in *our* way, and to be gracious and sympathetic with their enjoyment is easy enough; but to see people heartily pleasing themselves in a way which is *not* ours, and of which the very idea is nauseous to us, is nothing short of the climax of Christian charity.

Nervous people are constantly confounded with ill-tempered people. But your nervous man has usually a quick brain, whereas the essential condition of genuine ill-temper is stupidity.

There are limits to human endurance. Job was patient, but "did Job e'er lose a barrel of such ale?" When the fire has been let out, and the door left unshut, and the sheet put damp on the bed for the seven times seventieth time; when "gentle dulness," glorying in its shame, has had my right cheek and my left, is the common privilege of speech to be denied me? No; and if my speech is pungent, it is a mercy to "gentle dulness," and will be a relief to me.

"You young rascal," said the old gentleman to the rash little boy in the street, "If that cab had run over you, where would you have been then?" and the boy answered, "Up behind, a-takin' of his number." Just so: when vulgar brute force runs over Intelligence, where is Intelligence immediately?" Why, "Up behind, a-takin of his number!" It is a glorious mission.

"Can you draw an inference?" said Coleridge to the clown. "Yes, sir," says the clown, "a cartload of 'em!" That is the way with you and me; we are too ready to draw our cartload of inferences.

The true way to attack vice is by setting up something else against it. Weeds are best kept out of a garden, not by weeding, but by filling it with flowers and vegetables.

No thinking man past thirty, who has read diligently in life and books, gets through a hundred lines of human writing without coming to some point of fundamental difference.

When upon my pronouncing the word *anodyne*, some rude fellow speaks of ether on lump-sugar, or an opium pill, I own I feel a little insulted. Here is a recipe:—*Take equal quantities of rippling water, true love, falling rose-leaves, firm faith, sweet music, swans down, scent of heather, and mix well with children's kisses and a few lines of Keats!*

Echo Verses.

Much ingenuity has been shown by rhymesters —some of them not merely poetasters, but real poets, in their hours of merry relaxation—in the construction of what are designated echo verses. These are lines in which the last word is given as a question, and the answer to it is the same word, or one the same in sound, repeated as an echo; or there may be a group of words so treated instead of a single word; or the echo may be a sort of corroboration instead of a direct answer to a question; or it may involve a kind of veiled pun, such as those much used in the construction of conundrums.

Ben Jonson made use of the machinery of the echo verse in his "Cynthia's Revels."

"Where may I direct my speech that thou may'st hear?"
"Here!"
"So nigh?"
"Aye!"
"Nay, but hear——"
"But here!"
"Jove calls thee hence, and his will brooks no stay."
"O, stay!"
"Know you from whom you fly, or whence?"
"Hence!"
"Make not so fast away."
"Away!"

During the mutual recriminations between the Cavaliers and the Roundheads a comedy was acted at Cambridge, the savour of which is sufficiently denoted by such echo verses as the following:—

"Now, Echo, on what's religion grounded?"
"Roundhead?"
"Who its professors most considerable?"
"Rabble!"
"How prove they themselves to be the godly?"
"Oddly!"
"How stand they to the government civil?"
"Evil!"
"But to the king they say they are most loyal?"
"Lie all!"
"Then God keep king and state from these same men!"
"Amen!"

A few years later, when the fortunes of Charles the First had become dark and threatening, another royalist echo was put forth, similar in construction and in sentiment to the foregoing:—

"What wants thou, that thou art in this taking?"
"A king!"
"What made him first remove hence his residing?"
"Siding!"
"Did any here deny him satisfaction?"
"Faction!"
"Tell me whereon the strength of faction lies?"
"On lies!"
"What didst thou when the king left his parliament?"
"Lament!"
"What terms wouldst give to gain his company?"
"Any!"
"What wouldst thou do if here thou mighst behold him?"
"Hold him!"
"Wouldst thou save him with thy best endeavour?"
"Ever!"
"But if he comes not, what becomes of London?"
"Undone!"

Towards the end of the century a rhymester brought satire and punning to his aid:—

"If I address the Echo yonder,
What will its answer be, I wonder?"
"I wonder!"
"Oh, wondrous Echo, tell me, bless 'ee,
Am I for marriage or celibacy?"
"Silly Bessy!"
"If, then, to win the maid I try,
Shall I find her a property?"
"A proper tie!"
"If neither being grave nor funny
Will win this maid to matrimony?"
"Try money!"
"If I should try to gain her heart,
Shall I go plain or rather smart?"
"Smart!"
"She mightn't love dress, and I, again, then,
May come too smart, and she'll complain then."
"Come plain, then!"
"Then if to marry me I tease her,
What will she say if that should please her?"
"Please, sir!"
"When cross no good words can appease her,
What if such naughty whims should seize her?"
"You'd see, sir!"
"When wed, she'll change, for Love's no sticker,
And love her husband less than liquor."
"Then lick her!"
"To leave me, then, I can't compel her,
Though every woman else excel her."
"Sell her!"

The late Archdeacon Wrangham, who penned many graceful witticisms and lively effusions, wrote an echo song on Napoleon; but he infused a peculiar spirit into it by mixing up together English, French, Italian, and Latin. There are fourteen echoes belonging to as many couplets. The following are some that illustrate the odd polyglot mode of construction:—

"Tell me of what com'st the heart of Gaul?"
"Of gall!"
"Dic mihi quæso virum, vitus qui tot bona parte?"
"Bonaparte!"

"Can George, then, thrash the Corsican?"
"He can!"
"Again I call, sweet maid, come echo me."
"Eccomi!"
"Il reste donc à souhaiter que la France lui désobeit."
"So be it!"
"Ma sotto i rè erano sempre allegri."
"All agree!"
"T' unlock our India, France would make of Turkey!"
"Her key"
"Wretches as changeful as the changing ocean."
"O, chiens!"

About 80 years ago, when Paganini was fiddling into his pocket large sums of money which his admirers were willing to pay for the pleasure of hearing him, one of the humorists of the day asked Echo what she thought of the matter :—

"Who are they that pay three guineas
To hear a tune of Paganini's?"
"Pack o' ninnies!"

CHANNING.—Select discourses, etc., with an Introduction by W. Copeland Bowie (London, Philip Green). This is a selection from Channing's works, admirably made, and adapted for circulation amongst that wide public which has such erroneous ideas of the Unitarian faith. Perhaps no more effective weapon for breaking down the theological prejudice towards Unitarians existing in many minds could be found than is supplied by Channing's discourses. The Liberal faith has had more scholarly exponents, and more intellectually powerful prophets, but it has never had a more beautiful, more spiritually minded, or more Christ-like disciple and teacher than William Ellery Channing. There are thousands of orthodox ministers who owe to Channing an immense debt of gratitude. Men and dignitaries of all churches have received from him not only their first bent towards a rational Christianity, but impulse and inspiration towards the spiritual life which has never forsaken them. In many a man's religious career the first reading of Channing has been like the entrance upon a new world. If our friends wish to propagate our faith they could not do better than distribute widely Mr. Bowie's edition of the discourses of one of whom Longfellow said :—

Thy words are great and bold;
At times they seem to me
Like Luther's in the days of old
Half battles for the free.

Historic Notes on Midland Churches.

In bringing to a conclusion the present series of articles, which, by the kindness of the Editors, has run monthly from November, 1893, to the present time, I fulfil my promise by giving a list of some historical articles and monographs referring to congregations, the ministers of which are entitled to be members of the "Monthly Meeting of Protestant Dissenting Ministers of Warwickshire and neighbouring counties."

Alcester, references given *Seedsower*, February, 1895, p. 182.

Bewdley, references given *Seedsower*, April, 1895, p. 22.

Birmingham—Church of the Messiah.
Unitarianism in its Actual Condition, by J. R Beard, D.D., 1846, p. 105.
Christian Reformer, 1860, p. 576.
" 1862, p. 126.
" 1863, p. 443.
Birmingham Riots of 1791. Arthur Bache Matthews, 1863.
Centenary of Sunday Schools. Herbert New, junr., 1888.
Christian Life, Jan. 19, 1889.
Seedsower, Nov., 1893, p. 147.

Birmingham—Hurst-street Mission.
Christian Freeman, March, 1872, p. 41.
Christian Life, August 31, 1889.

Birmingham—Newhall Hill Church.
References given *Seedsower*, Dec., 1893, p. 167, and Feb. 1894, p. 197.

Birmingham—Old Meeting Church.
References given *Seedsower*, July, 1894, p. 75.

Birmingham—Church of the Saviour.
Christian Reformer, 1847, p. 644.

Banbury—Christchurch Chapel.
Christian Reformer, 1850, p. 576.

Chesterfield—Elder Yard Chapel.
Christian Reformer, 1837, p. 527.
History of Chesterfield, 1839, p. 115 (article by Rev. Robert Wallace).

Coseley—Old Meeting House.
References given *Seedsower*, Feb., 1894, p. 197.

Cradley—Netherend Chapel.
References given *Seedsower*, April, 1894, p. 27.

Evesham—Oat-street Meeting House.
History of Evesham. Geo. May, 1845.
Christian Reformer, 1852, p. 607.

Kidderminster—New Meeting.
References given *Seedsower*, Jan., 1894, p. 185.

Kingswood.
References given *Seedsower*, June, 1894, p. 57.

Oldbury.
Monthly Repository, 1807, p. 500.
Christian Freeman, Sep., 1870, p. 137.
Guild of the Good Shepherd Festival Book, 1890.

Shrewsbury—High-street Church.
Christian Reformer, 1847, p. 257, and p. 323.
History of the Presbyterian Meeting House. Richard Astley, 1847.
A sermon delivered on the occasion of the sudden death of the Rev. Thomas Weaver by Rev. J. A. James, accompanied with the funeral addresses and a church memorial, 1852.
Notes on Nonconformity in Shrewsbury. *Eddows's Journal*, July 8, 1891.

Stourbridge—Presbyterian Chapel.
Monthly Repository, 1817, p. 6.
Early History of Presbyterian Congregation. A. W. Worthington, B.A., 1886.
Early History of Presbyterian Congregation, part 2. A. W. Worthington, B.A, 1888.
Notes as to the Schools, Presbyterian Chapel. A. W. Worthington, B.A, 1890.

Lye.
Monthly Repository, 1806, p. 52.
Christian Reformer, 1830, p. 408.

Walsall—Old Meeting.
References given *Seedsower*, May, 1894, p. 41.

Whitchurch—Dodington Chapel.
References given *Seedsower*, Dec., 1894, p. 153.

Wolverhampton—Unity Church.
Monthly Repository, 1817, p. 494.
" 1830, p. 792.
" 1831, p. 861.

Wolverhampton—Unity Church—*continued.*
Unitarian Herald, Dec. 2, 1887.
Seedsower, May 1895, p. 48. List of ministers.

I have no references, as yet, to articles on Atherton, Dudley, Tamworth, and West Bromwich, and should value any communications from local readers. Coventry and Warwick, for references see :—

Coventry—Great Meeting.
Dugdale's Warwickshire.
Noble's Biographical History of England.
Monthly Repository, 1819, p. 600.
" 1820, p. 203.
" 1822, p. 711.
Independency in Warwickshire. Sibree and Caston, 1855.
Coventry Worthies. *Trinity Parish Magazine*, 1859 and 1860.
Coventry, its History and Antiquities. Benj. Poole, 1870, p. 232.

Warwick—High-street.
History of Warwick. Wm. Field.

I must not close without cordially and heartily thanking all correspondents for their letters, readers for their patience, editors for their help, and last, but by no means the least, my friend, the Rev. Alx Gordon, M.A., Principal of the Unitarian Home Missionary College, and my friend from early boyhood, Principal W. J. Evans, M.A., of the Presbyterian College, Caermarthen, for the research and assistance they have so willingly given when asked.

GEORGE EYRE EVANS,

Whitchurch in Salop.

JAMES STANSFIELD'S NOTABLE PRAYER.—In the Stansfield household there was a tradition that the boy James on one occasion made a notable prayer—a prayer which the whole of his after-life seems in some fashion to have been spent in fulfilling. He prayed, "Make us all gooderer and gooderer until we can't be no gooderer"—a finely phrased but ungrammatical aspiration after the ideal to which Mr. Stansfield has always been true

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE.

Ranger.

A little boat in a cave,
And a child there fast asleep;
Floating out on a wave,
Out to the perilous deep.
Out to the living waters,
That brightly dance and gleam,
And dash their foam about him,
To wake him from his dream.

He rubs his pretty eyes,
He shakes his curly head,
And says, with great surprise,
"Why, I'm not asleep in bed!"
The boat is rising and sinking
Over the sailors' graves,
And he laughs out, "Is'n't it nice
Playing see-saw with the waves?"

Alas! he little thinks
Of the grief on the far-off sands,
Where his mother trembles and shrinks
And his sister wrings her hands;
Watching, in speechless terror,
The boat and the flaxen head;
Is there no hope of succour?
Must they see him drown'd and dead?

They see him living now,
Living and jumping about;
He stands on the giddy prow,
With a merry laugh and shout.
Oh, spare him! spare him! spare him!
Spare him, thou cruel deep!
The child is swept from the prow,
And the wild waves dance and leap.

They run to the edge of the shore,
They stretch their arms to him;
Knee-deep they wade, and more,
But, alas! they cannot swim.
Their pretty, pretty darling,
His little hat floats by,
They see his frighten'd face,
They hear his drowning cry.

Something warm and strong
Dashes before them then,
Hairy, and curly, and long,
And brave as a dozen men.
Bounding, panting, gasping,
Rushing, straight as a dart;
Ready to die in the cause—
A dog with a loyal heart.

He fights with the fighting sea,
He grandly wins the prize;
Mother! he brings it thee
With triumph in his eyes.
He brings it thee, oh, mother,
His burden, pretty and pale;
He lays it down at thy feet,
And wags his honest old tail.

O, dog! so faithful and bold;
O, dog! so tender and true,
You shall wear a collar of gold
And a crown, if you like it, too.
You shall lie on the softest satin,
You shall feed from a diamond dish;
You shall eat plum-cake and cream,
And do whatever you wish.

Will you drive in a coach and four?
Will you ride the master's hack?
Shall the footman open the door
And out of your presence back?
Shall the mistress work you slippers?
Shall the master catch you flies?
Will you wear the mistress's watch
And the master's best white ties?

O, Ranger, do just what you choose;
Old friend, so gallant and dear,
What churl would dare refuse
To drink your health with a cheer?
Old friend, in love and honour,
Your name shall be handed down,
And children's hearts shall beat
At the tale of your renown.

Children on the Shore.

We are building little houses on the sands,
We are making little rooms very gay;
We are busy with our hearts and our hands,
We are sorry that the time flies away.
Oh, why are the minutes in such haste?
Oh, why won't they leave us to our play?
Our lessons and our meals are such waste,
We can dine very well another day.

We do not mind the tide coming in,
We can dig it a cunning little bed,
Or leave the pretty house and begin
Another pretty house in its stead.
We do not mind the sun in our eyes,
When it makes such a dazzle of the world,
That we cannot tell the sea from the skies,
Nor look where the flying drops are hurl'd.

The shells that we gather are so fair,
The birds and the clouds are so kind ;
And the wind is so merry with our hair,
It is only the people that we mind.
Papa, if you come so very near,
We can't build the library to-day ;
We think you are tired of being here,
And, perhaps, you would like to go away.

There are just one or two we won't refuse,
If they come by to help us now and then ;
But we want only friends to be of use,
And not all those idle grown-up men.
Perhaps, if we hurry very much,
And don't lose an instant of the day.
There'll be time for the last lovely touch
Before the sea sweeps it all away.

Oh, children—thus working with the heart,
There's nothing so terrible as rest ;
Plan only how all may take a part,
It's easy for each to do his best.
The sea, sweeping up at set of sun,
Can never make your toil be in vain ;
It covers the things that you have done,
But the joy of the doing shall remain.

For Gretchen on a Bicycle.

Good health to all, good pleasure, good speed,
A favouring breeze—but not too high—
For the outbound spin ! Who rides may read
The open secret of earth and sky.

For life is quickened and pulses bound,
Morbid questionings sink and die
As the wheel slips over the gliddery ground
And the young day wakes in a crimson sky.

Oh, the merry comradeship of the road
With trees that nod as we pass them by,
With hurrying bird and lurking toad,
Or vagabond cloud in the noonday sky.

Oh, the wholesome smell of the good brown earth
When showers have fallen for suns to dry !
Oh, the westward run to the mystic birth
Of a silver moon in a golden sky !

Good health to all, good pleasure, good speed,
A favouring breeze—but not too high—
For the homeward spin ! Who rides may read
The open secret of earth and sky.

A kindly deed
Is a little seed,
Which groweth all unseen,
And, lo, when none
Do look thereon
Anew it springeth green.

News from the Field.

BANBURY (*Christ Church Chapel, Unitarian*).—On Saturday afternoon, June 29th, the members of the congregation and teachers of the above chapel had an excursion to Edge Hill. Fortunately the weather proved fine for both journeys, but whilst at Edge Hill the rain at times came down in torrents, somewhat spoiling the pleasure of the trip. The party reached home about ten o'clock. Mr. Sheasby provided the conveyances for the occasion.

BIRMINGHAM (*Small Heath Free Christian Church.*)—The Rev. J. Harrison, formerly minister of the Lodge Road Unitarian Chapel, West Bromwich, who has been appointed missionary agent by the Midland Christian Union to take charge of the Mission Churches at Small Heath and Wolverhampton, inaugurated his ministry at Small Heath on Sunday, the evening service being held in a marquée on the site of the proposed new church in Waverley Road. On Monday evening a tea meeting and public meeting to welcome the new pastor was held in the marquée, and a fairly large company assembled. Councillor Jephcott presided, and amongst others present were the Revs. Joseph Wood, J. C. Street, A. H. Shelley, A. A. Charlesworth, E. W. Lummis, T. Pipe, and J. Harrison ; Messrs. J. H. Forrester, H. J. Sayer, W. H. Nightingale, W. H. Kempson, E. Edmonds, &c.—The Chairman, in opening the proceedings, said that this was the first occasion on which he had publicly allied himself with those who professed the Unitarian faith. He considered that it was necessary for them to avow their religious views, not in any sense hostile to those who held different views, but because they believed that they held a faith which would lead to a better life. He was pleased to be present that evening, because there was evidence that the Unitarians of Birmingham were awakening to a sense of the necessity of extending their religious influence in the city and district. It was sometimes said that the Unitarians held aloof from the working classes and that Unitarianism was a religion for the rich and the privileged few. It was said that the rich men in the body did not seem disposed to take an active interest in the life of their poorer brethren. He did not believe that assertion, and the fact that their friends at Small Heath were undertaking a laborious work to establish a church in that suburb showed that they were anxious to prove that their faith was not one for the rich alone, but for the poor also. He wished them every success in their movement.—The Rev. Joseph Wood explained the circumstances under which Mr. Harrison had left West Bromwich and had undertaken the task of organising the missionary work in the area of the Midland Christian Union. He trusted that the congregation at Small Heath would rally round Mr. Harrison, and that they would build up a successful and self-supporting church. As Unitarians they had not started that movement in any competitive spirit, but because they thought there were people in a populous suburb like Small Heath who did not find their religious convictions satisfied by the teaching in the orthodox churches and because full provision was not made for the spiritual life of the district. He offered Mr. Harrison a hearty welcome

on behalf of the Midland Union and the ministers of the city and district.—The Rev. J. C. Street also welcomed Mr. Harrison, and, referring to the Chairman's remarks, maintained that the Unitarian body had always been in close and sympathetic association with the working people, and they had a message specially adapted for them. He regarded Mr. Harrison's position as a sort of Episcopate in the Unitarian body, and he had charge of the missionary operations throughout the entire district. At the same time it was not an office accompanied by any rich possessions and emoluments.—Addresses were also delivered by the Revs. A. A. Charlesworth and T. Pipe, and by Messrs. Forrester and Nightingale, and Mr. Harrison replied in appropriate terms.

KINGSWOOD.—On Sunday, July 7th, very successful Anniversary Services were held here, the Rev. George Heaviside, B.A., of Coventry, being the preacher. The morning service was well attended, but in the evening all available space in pews and aisles was occupied, and many were unable to obtain admittance. Friends from a distance were present in considerable numbers, and satisfactory collections were made in aid of school and chapel funds. The choir and teachers have recently had a very pleasant excursion to Malvern, and on the 13th the scholars had the usual anniversary buns, supplemented this year with tea in the schoolroom, and followed by sports, etc., in the parsonage field.

WEST BROMWICH.—The Rev. John Harrison, for many years the highly-respected minister of this congregation, has resigned his charge in order to take up the work of District Missionary Agent under the Midland Christian Union. His new duties began Sunday, July 14. The congregations at Small Heath and Wolverhampton are specially under his care at present. A Wolverhampton journal says:—"During a period of over twenty years Mr. Harrison has done much in West Bromwich by his earnest and energetic work to strengthen the cause of liberal Christianity in that neighbourhood. His influence has been felt far beyond the limits of his own congregation, and the news of his resignation of the pastorate of Lodge Road was received with general regret. Apart from his work as pastor of Lodge Road Chapel he has taken a deep interest in all that has concerned the educational and general well-being of the town. He was associated years ago with the working men's club, and subsequently took an active part in the work of the West Bromwich Institute. He was a member of the Free Library Committee, and for some years was also a member of the West Bromwich School Board, in which position he acquired the reputation of being one of the best educationalists in the town. As a platform speaker Mr. Harrison was among the most successful in the borough. In the course of his closing services he emphasised the fact that a man's religion was to be judged by his character rather than by his creed. In the evening he discoursed eloquently to a crowded congregation upon the principles for which the Unitarian body stands, and which he himself has advocated during his ministry. He had tried, he said, to give them the results of his best thought, using fully the freedom which they had given him. In the Unitarian Churches freedom of thought was not only permitted, but was expected. Their bond of union was not in acceptance of a creed, but in the individual and associative endeavours to take their place among the ethical forces that are yet to establish on this earth a just social order and conditions of a higher and happier life. It was precisely this which made it possible for them frankly and ungrudgingly to recognise work done for the common good by those who did not admit Unitarians into their Church fellowship. Finally, he alluded to the loving and precious memories of pleasing intercourse and fellowship in Christian services spent in the Church, and remarked that his heart's desire was that Lodge Road Chapel might be a growing power in the town on the side of all that makes for freedom, truth, and righteousness.

Parables.

Heaven is to be gained by a ladder, not by a leap; step by step, not at one bound.

"When a lofty and barren mountain," says a legend, "was first upheaved into the sky, and from its elevation looked down on the plains below and saw the valley and the less elevated hills covered with verdant and fruitful trees, it sent up to Brahma something like a murmur of complaint. 'Why thus barren? Why these scarred and naked sides exposed to the eye of man?' And Brahma answered, 'The very light shall clothe thee, and the shadow of the passing cloud shall be as a royal mantle; more verdure would be less light. Thou shalt share in the azure of heaven, and the youngest and whitest cloud of a summer's sky shall nestle in thy bosom. Thou belongest half to us.'" So was the mountain dowered; and so, too, have the loftiest minds of men in all ages been dowered. To lower elevations have been given the pleasant verdure, the vine, and the olive. Light, light alone, and the deep shadow of the passing cloud, these are the gifts of the prophets of the race.

In religion, as in astronomy, we begin with a complete antagonism between heaven and earth. The stars are exclusively celestial, and those bright luminaries are infinitely more exalted in place and nature than the poor globe we tread on. We end, however, by discovering that this earth also is one of the celestial bodies. It, too, lies in the heavenly region. Lo! we are already amongst the stars! God is here too! the Eternal and the Infinite! Behold! they are around us!

On a cold, windy March day, I stopped at an apple-stand, whose proprietor was a rough-looking Italian. I alluded to the severe weather, when, with a cheerful smile and tone, he replied, "Yes, pretty cold, but by-and-by—tink of dat!" In other words, the time of warm skies, flowers and songs is near. The humble vendor little thought of the impression made by his few words—"By-and-by—think of that."

The growing good of the world is partly dependent on unhistoric facts; and that things are not so ill with you and me as they might have been, is half owing to the number who lived faithfully a hidden life, and rest in unvisited tombs.